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The Issue of Peacetime Conscription

MERELY to say that we disapprove of compulsory military training in peacetime seems to us an irresponsible attitude. We have in the past made clear that we *do* disapprove of such training, unless it is conducted entirely by reserve officers and for short periods of time. We have not stated what we believe is the solution of the problem which has induced so large a popular sentiment in favor of universal military service. The problem is briefly this: when this war is over, the peace of the world will certainly not be a guaranteed thing, even though some Dumbarton Oaks settlement may ensure it for a certain number of years. Experience has shown us that the aggressively-minded are not impressed except by potential military force. Therefore would it not be wise to make sure that the United States possesses in peacetime adequate defenses against possible future attack? We are inclined to feel that it would be foolhardy not to plan for a reasonable and efficient system of defense.

We are thoroughly convinced that any scheme of universal military service on the European model would be far from efficient, and that it is proposed not because of its value in the defense of our country but because it will create a great number of permanent jobs for professional officers—probably at least a quarter of a million of them—and because it will take care of a large

number of young men who might otherwise be unemployed and because it will mean handsome contracts for those whose business it is to supply the Army and Navy. In other words, we flatly believe that the scheme so far proposed is a pork barrel scheme, masquerading behind patriotic oratory. We further believe that the most skilful and the wisest of military men do not view it as by any means the ideal set-up for defense.

The outstanding characteristic of modern warfare is the way in which it changes technologically almost from day to day. There could be no heavier liability for a great country than a large and unwieldy and rigid military machine. If we are really determined to be prepared, we shall be far better off, at less expense to ourselves, by maintaining a small professional Army and Navy at peak efficiency, and with full freedom to explore new technical possibilities. Both branches of the service would have to be larger than they were prior to 1939, for the world tactical situation has greatly changed. But they should be no larger than is absolutely essential, so as to insure easy conversion to new methods and new ideas. We little realize how much of an advantage it was to us in the years following the outbreak of this war that our professional armed services were small enough to allow us complete elasticity in creating our present huge Army and Navy. Now if we institute a full year's universal military service, we shall be saddling the Army and Navy with a training program tending to freeze our procedures and our strategic concepts, or else we shall be wasting a year in the life of every able-bodied young man with training which everyone must admit is sure to be superannuated when and if the next war comes. A very short training period, under reserve officers, might be useful, since it would give the trainees some notion of the nature of army discipline and doctrine. But it must not be staffed by regular officers. If it is, we shall be needlessly increasing their number, and we shall be refusing to profit by the lessons of history.

The State Department

MR. HULL'S resignation as Secretary of State removes from our national life a picturesque public servant whose record, on balance, is as good as the record of any of his contemporaries in other countries. Indeed in some respects it is better. His loss will not be so greatly felt if his successor lives up to as high a standard. We simply cannot know whether Mr. Stettinius will do so. The recent house-cleaning in the State Department gives us very little clue. Mr. Grew's appointment as Under Secretary seems neutral. Our former Ambassador to Japan is a man of integrity and long diplomatic experience; he is not brilliant. The disappearance of Assistant Secre-

taries Long and Berle need bring forth no tears; the former was at best a conservative wheelhorse, the latter, though brilliant, lacked the ability to inspire confidence. G. Howland Shaw seems the worst loss of all. He has never courted public fame, and hence his great services are largely unknown. The attitude of the liberal press toward him has always been uninformed and grossly unfair. His sense of devotion to the service of the Nation and his balanced judgment, based upon long professional experience, will not be easy to replace. The appointment of Mr. MacLeish as an Assistant Secretary is clearly a sop to the liberals; Mr. Rockefeller is a broad-minded young man with not much more than sincerity in his record; Mr. Clayton is the very epitome of large and successful and ruthless "business is business." In fact there is altogether too much big business in the team. The new State Department set-up has only one conceivable advantage; it may serve as a better persuader of public opinion and of Congress when the time comes to put through a peace settlement.

England

HIS MAJESTY'S Stationery Office has just issued a report by the Prime Minister to Parliament entitled "Statistics Relating to the War Effort of the United Kingdom." This document, in the driest of terms, tells an extraordinary story of patriotism and sacrifice. It tells us how much the ordinary British citizen pays in income tax—enough to put most of us to shame—it tells us the number of civilian and military casualties suffered since 1939; it tells us what has happened to British trade and British overseas investments; it shows an almost incredibly united effort in the face of disaster. It is a pamphlet any American should read before he allows himself to be critical of our ally. But this whole story of British heroism and sacrifice can be a wasted story if British policy in Western Europe cannot find some means of bringing peace to "liberated" lands.

New Pressure Group

THE ALERT citizen determined to be vigilant in the defense of his liberties cannot afford to hibernate from now until the new Congress convenes, for important things are on the docket during the next two weeks. One of these, which may or may not be completed, is the half billion dollar river and harbor development bill, on which the Senate is now at work. A pending amendment to this bill, which Representative A. J. Elliott of California succeeded in getting through the House, would remove the restriction to small farmers of government irrigation benefits in the Central Valley project in his state. And staunchly

back of this rider is a new and powerful pressure group, the National Reclamation Association with members in seventeen Western states.

For over forty years the principle has held that government irrigation was provided for the sake of individual farmers who required it to fructify their land. And in order to encourage family-type farming, the law has read that water from such projects was not to be available for tracts of over 160 acres under one owner. If the Elliott amendment gets by, it will mean that even the biggest owner, the Kern County Land Company (50,000 acres) can benefit directly from the irrigation facilities provided through public funds.

An ironical note in this whole situation is that these big commercial enterprises can benefit considerably merely by drilling wells on their lands near the new irrigation canals. Water *will* seep through. And if the Elliott amendment is forestalled by a Congress responsive to a vigilant citizenry, the big landowners have other stratagems ready; among them are devices to hand over the Central Valley to the Army or to the State of California, neither of them bound by the 160-acre restriction. The smaller farmers and their socially-minded friends have a terrific battle on their hands.

Regardless of the outcome, a big principle is at stake. It is one thing to legislate for the common good by making available facilities which enable individual citizens to earn their livelihood; it is quite another to pass a law which in practice provides for the subsidizing of agricultural corporations, which will thus be the more able to crush their smaller individual competitors. The Elliott Amendment must not be permitted to go through.

K-9 Social Security

FROM the *Christian Science Monitor* (December 2): "Assurance that veteran war dogs whose owners cannot take them back will be located in good homes has been given . . . by a new program announced by Dogs for Defense, Inc. . . . Representatives of that organization will investigate to make sure the buyers will provide good homes. If their applications are approved, the persons will be permitted to buy a dog if one is available from the Treasury Department. . . . In reply to proposals that the dogs be kept on Army posts, Harry I. Caesar, President of Dogs for Defense, Inc., said, 'We feel that the place for the K-9 veterans is in a home and not in some kennel on an Army post. But to say that a dog should be confined in a kennel, denied the pleasures of the companionship only to be found in a home, seemed to us just like arguing that the soldier, for whom no job is in sight, should be kept in uniform indefinitely.'"

"The Present Discontents"

THERE are the British and there is the Revolution; the attitude of the British toward the Revolution is a very special one. They do not say that there exists somewhere outside their country and themselves, somewhere in space, isolated in its own character and definition, a spirit which effects radical changes in the thinking and institutions of man and that this spirit is fine or inevitable or horrible. They do not judge it in itself at all; that would be a French procedure. When the French had a revolution they thought that everybody should have a revolution. It was not even a missionary spirit; they thought that they had come upon a truth which was universal. Consequently, if what they had come upon was true anywhere it must logically be true everywhere. If it were not love which moved the stars, something else moved the stars, and whatever it might be, it did not just work in one place, in one time. It worked always everywhere. This is not the British way of thinking about revolution. The British will not look at revolution in general or anywhere; they will only see it at home after it has happened at home; when it happens at home they call it something else so that it will not be to them anything outlandish; when it happens at home they do not look at it while it is taking place, they do not define it while it is happening; but it happens all right; they take it in their stride all right, they are transformed, and their society is changed radically. Only, after the change has taken place they do not find themselves committed to any rules of universal application, they do not find themselves saddled with any doctrine about the stars.

The British do not like people with doctrines. They do not like the people who made, out of doctrines, the American Revolution, or the French, or the Russian. So that when they themselves had freedom; equality, in the sense that each man has his superior to respect; fraternity, of the school tie but also in suffering and in devotion; and everything else that other revolutions had defined as necessary for the human person, they still did not use—other than self-consciously—the words the other revolutions had created. They did not adopt the word democracy; they did not codify their freedom or place the three clear words of France on the pediments of their public buildings. And now that they are so deeply engaged in what we can only think of as social revolution, now that they are handling the techniques of socialism, they give the name of an Englishman to their plans and for them it does not matter at all that Marx lived and died among them, or that Lenin died and Trotsky died and Stalin lives.

The British believe that they are the only people who have ever been able to handle revolutions and that it is a great pity that other peoples should ever have revolutions to deal with. Because other peoples are bound to make a bloody mess out of everything and so whenever and wherever the British are placed so that they can help other peoples to avoid or suppress revolutions they will do what they can.

They are very busy doing what they can in all sorts of countries and this scandalizes the revolutionaries in these countries because they think they have a right to revolt in their own countries at any time and particularly at this time because now they are armed on account of the war. It does not matter whether the revolutionaries are communists revolting against whatever kind of society prevails in their countries, or whether they are republicans revolting against a monarch, or whether they are the resistance groups revolting against the exiled governments which have come home; anyone who wants to revolt feels that he has a right not to find the British helping the government of his country to suppress his revolt. He has measured his forces to the scale of Greece, the scale of Italy or Belgium; he is scandalized to find that he used the wrong scale, that the opponent was Pierlot plus Britain, Papandreou plus Britain, Bonomi plus Britain.

Neither his indignation nor his motives matter to Britain because the British no longer like any foreign revolutions and that is that.

But we in America are very sad about what the British have been doing to Sforza, we are very disturbed when Churchill says that he will use British troops to prevent bloodshed in Greece, we do not know what to make of it when all the fine people who have been fighting in the resistance movement are now told by the British to lay down their arms and go home and forget it. We are very upset because we believed that they had been fighting for democracy and we thought that as soon as the Germans were driven out they would all join the local republican party or the democratic party or give a few votes to the local Norman Thomas.

Whatever they did we were bound to believe that what they did was their own business. Because, unlike the British, we hold rigidly to a universal principle, we have a doctrine for the stars. That doctrine is democracy and it implies necessarily the danger of immense disorder at the present time in countries where the habit and confidence of order has been ruined by the war. We do not like disorder; we wish everyone would wait until the war is ended and then would go peaceably to the polls.

But we cannot join in repressive action and our State Department now has said so.

C. G. PAULDING.

The French Labor Movement

From resistance
to reconstruction

Paul Vignaux

WHEN FRANCE stood free again, the French labor movement, which had been driven underground, stood once again in the broad daylight and you could look at it and see what was now in it and what it had carried with it from the past through the war. In Paris, and in the provinces, there reappeared intact three main currents of thought and influence which had been traditional in French trade union organization ever since 1919—the more or less socialist current of the “old CGT,” the communist current, the Christian trade union current. The first two currents, which had separated between 1922 and 1936, and again between September, 1939, and July, 1943, once more shared the direction of the united CGT (Confédération Générale du Travail). The third current continued to possess its own organization: the CFTC (Confédération Française des Travailleurs Chrétiens), a movement Catholic in inspiration but non-confessional in its membership and in its action.

All French trade unionists insist on the eminent rôle played by the working class in the Resistance Movement. The communists explain that they did not wait for the Russo-German pact to be broken before initiating their action against the occupying power. The men of the old CGT and the “Christians” call attention to the fact that they began their struggle against the armistice régime as early as August, 1940. Trade unionists sometimes admit willingly enough that the underground formations were created more often than not by elements outside the labor movement, having at their disposal more time, more connections and more money than the workers. But, they add at once, no one of these groups whose names, such as “Liberation,” for example, or “Combat,” are published now in all the newspapers of the world, would have been able to grow, or even to maintain itself in existence, had not the working class and the trade union leaders wholeheartedly thrown their strength into the Resistance Movement. That is a fact which can hardly be questioned, but the present insistence upon it, the effort to make certain that it be acknowledged generally, betrays a certain anxiety as to the future. A militant for many years in the ranks of the CGT has written: “The working class will not allow anyone to rob it of its victory.” In this winter of libera-

tion the note sounded by all trade unionists is the call to be “vigilant and on guard.”

And so all of the labor forces are at work regrouping their troops. To what degree are these troops united? Within the united CGT the two currents seem extremely distinct. The militant communists who, in the Bureau Confédéral, are 3 out of 8, are publishing once again their weekly, *La Vie Ouvrière*, issued underground since September, 1939. In the National Resistance Council, and in some Departmental Liberation Committees, the CGT has two representatives, one belonging to each current. As a leader of the CGT stated in Algiers, any major decision requires “agreement between all the tendencies whose common purpose creates the unity, hence the influence and the power, of the CGT,” and this convergence of views in turn depends to some extent on the relationship between “the different political organizations which share between them the support of the working class.” No matter what may be the problems existing within the CGT, its leaders are anxious to broaden the unity of the labor movement by persuading the Christian trade unionists to merge their organizations in the CGT. The proposal for fusion was made by the CGT unsuccessfully in September. It was made unsuccessfully because the Christian trade unionists, between 1940 and 1944, had developed their own conception of what unity within the working class should be. And this conception was a federalist one informed by the historical realities and the requirements of democracy in Western Europe. COMMONWEAL readers will take special interest in this conception since it is at the very heart of the question of the participation by European Catholics in the rebuilding of the labor movement.

In the Resistance Movement it was not fusion which took place, but a coordinating of trade union organizations, with each one of these organizations drawing from its own tradition of freedom strength to resist the maneuvers and the pressure of Vichy and of the nazis. Furthermore this coordination seemed so clearly the formula for the future that on September 10, 1941, a trade union committee, of which several of the present leaders of the CGT were members, declared: “The best way to insure the free expres-

sion of the will of the working class is through trade unionist pluralism, with each worker choosing what organization he will adhere to, guided by and following his personal convictions." On October 30, 1944, the Christian trade unionists had not changed their minds or their stand. In a country like France, they said, in which the labor movement has a very complicated and diversified ideological background, unity in the labor movement "cannot be realized effectively save through the coordination of trade union organizations inspired by a full and mutual respect for each other's convictions." A coordination which, in their opinion, would represent the united stand of all employees in their relationship with employers and the State.

The French Confederation of Christian Workers looked at the realities of the situation, that is to say at the great diversity of historical currents within the French labor movement, and declared that "given the present state of opinion, fusion would risk being nothing more than confusion." For the CFTC is aware that it represents "doctrines, traditions and feelings" which differ from those represented by the CGT—and differ on essential matters; on the dignity of the worker as a person, on the rôle played by the family, on the question of what is "normal" in industrial relations, on the transformation of the economic structure. They go further. Christian trade unionism, in maintaining its right to existence, believes that it is acting "in the interest of democracy itself" which, even after the liberation of French territory, may well be endangered by formulas for systematic unification—formulas with a dictatorial tendency. It has been said of the Italian people that they were in danger of passing from one dictatorship to another; that is something which the people of France must avoid. By the end of this year the CFTC also expects that its membership will exceed its highest pre-war level, and this in spite of the absence from France of the French prisoners in Germany, of Frenchmen deported to Germany, and in spite of the very recent occupation of Alsace Lorraine where Christian trade unionism was particularly strong. As early as in January, 1944, when France was still entirely occupied, the Christian trade unions had gained many adherents among workers in mining, textiles and steel. The Christian trade unions feel, although perhaps at times confusedly, that the originality of their point of view is no peculiarity belonging wholly to the past, but that it bears also—and importantly—upon the problems of the future.

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In the matter of national reconstruction, trade unionists of every political tendency accept the program adopted by the National Resistance

Council on March 15, 1944, and particularly that "return to the nation of all the great means of production which had been monopolized; the return to the nation of the fruits of the whole nation's labor, of all national sources of energy, of the wealth beneath the surface of the nation's soil, of the insurance companies and the great banks." A text of this nature, it may be said, brings up more problems than it solves—and first of all it suggests this question: what exactly is meant by nationalization? It is evident, immediately, that all those who speak about nationalization do not agree upon a common definition of the word.

The communists, of course, are not at all prepared to be satisfied with just any kind of nationalization. When the de Gaulle government established a National Group of the Mines of the North, Benoit Frachon, one of the communist leaders in the CGT, declared: "We in the trade unions have a preference for clear formulas. When they are not clear we reserve judgment." A few months earlier, the old communist leader of the railroad workers, Lucien Midol, had written: "The French people are that people of whom Karl Marx, and then Lenin, said that when they began an action they carry it through, resolutely, to its final logical conclusion." And Midol explained that the communist proposal for the seizure of the possessions of *all those who had betrayed the country* meant "in cold fact the taking over of the entire enormous industrial machine which is in the hands of the trusts." He alluded to an underground manifesto of the Communist Party in which we read: "A rebirth of France cannot seriously be expected without the return to the nation of all means of production. When that has been done, French production will have for its only aim that of supplying the needs of the French." For Midol and his friends, France can only accept, with "history's inevitable march" toward collectivism, "that solution of which the present type is Soviet Russia." In complete agreement with their traditional conception of the anti-imperialist struggle, they insist upon the *national* idea—"the political and economic independence of the nation," a formula inscribed in the program prepared by the National Resistance Council. Benoit Frachon declares before the trade unionists of Paris: "The political independence of a nation is a function of its economic independence. Beyond the strictest minimum a nation should not depend upon another nation." The communist leader of the agricultural workers, Waldeck Rochet, proposes "an agriculture capable of supplying all French needs and guaranteeing the economic dependence of the nation." Albert Gazier, a socialist leader of the CGT, also refers to "Soviet planning"; he speaks about "this great light coming from the East."

The current which may be called that of the "old" CGT within the trade unionist resistance seems to have been subject to a two-fold influence. First of all it has kept the memory of the anarcho-syndicalism of the founders of the CGT which insists upon the independence of trade unions toward government, no matter what government. In the second place it is inspired by a French revolutionary tradition, a *neo-Jacobinism* which is always inclined to exalt the Nation represented by the State. The present upsurge of this neo-Jacobinism is easily explainable. It is explainable immediately by a reaction against the corporatist spirit of Vichy. Although the Pétain régime was entirely bureaucratic, it spoke in terms of the autonomy of professional groups. After having accepted a certain degree of corporatism in 1940, Gazier and his friends today reject all forms of corporatism, demanding that the State dominate the selfish interests of all professions for the common good. And to this reaction against the Vichy régime there is added the influence of Gaullism. General de Gaulle's deepest and most passionate concept seems to be that of the Nation's sovereignty within its borders, and in its relations with the outer world. In his Algiers speech of March 20, 1944, the General divided the history of industrial economy into three periods, that of free competition, that of private monopoly, and that of National Economic Organization. "We are entering," he thinks, "the third period"—the period of collective economy. And at Lille, on October 3, 1944, the General asks that "*the collectivity, that is to say the State, take on the management of the major sources of wealth.*" In such an atmosphere one could quite simply proceed to a "managerial revolution"—and it was André Philip himself, warning of this danger, who quoted Burnham. This danger will not be eliminated by any process of rigorous nationalization which enlarges the zone of State ownership. We must hope that some fraction of the CGT will return to a mistrust of the State, even of the Socialist State, and will remember that, in 1936, a pamphlet issued by the CGT itself declared that unless the working class acquires and is guided by a sufficient and effective understanding of economics, "the rule of an authoritarian technocracy lies in wait for us and we are going toward a totalitarian state."

The Christian trade unionists are aware, if, once again, confusedly, of this danger. We have said that their position essentially is anti-totalitarian. But just where are they now? They are held to no dogmatic stand in favor of free enterprise: "We must review the conception which we have had up to the present as to the right of ownership." Thus they are ready to socialize a number of key industries. Yet they do not believe that "to abolish liberal capitalism will suffice

to bring to an end all forms of the exploitation of man by man"; they fear "the action of a State capitalism which sees in individual man no more than an instrument of policy." At the same time they state that "an increase in the volume of available wealth is necessary if one seeks a better distribution of wealth"—a simple observation but one too often forgotten in France. And it is a fundamental problem that they point to when they declare that "tomorrow's economy will be, on one hand, a planned economy and on the other an economy founded on an international basis."

This awareness of the essential problems seems linked to one of the deepest characteristics of Christian social thinking. A characteristic defined by Reinhold Niebuhr when he wrote: "The period of totalitarianism lurks in the program of complete socialization" (the *Nation*, March 25, 1944). My impression is that my French friends now stand faced with the problem of "liberal socialism" as it has been described by the Italian movement *Giustizia e Libertà*: "Rosselli was the first to recognize that the fundamental opposition to universal socialization comes not from any tactical consideration but from the fact that it implies ultimately—because of its authoritarian control of markets—a control of the entire life of every citizen by a bureaucracy." (Magrini: "Verso una Società Liberal-Socialista," *Quaderni Italiani*, 1944). It is, I believe, in such anti-totalitarian action that can consist the essential contribution by Christians toward European reconstruction. I will add that if the minds of men turn in this direction there will be, in spite of the great differences in historical background, very strong possibilities of understanding in France, as in Western Europe, for such an American program as was recently defined by Martin Kyne and the editors of *THE COMMONWEAL*.

Exercise and Rest

Working all night with the Nth power of one
The philosopher discovered through timespace
Nothing is Nonsense and the gentle dawn
Settled him fast asleep upon his face.

Rolled on his back by the rough dawn
His grandson kicked the afghan from the cot
And told the toes he did not know were ten
A rousing story that began:
Once upon no time there was not.

The figure lying on its side
Waked not, slept not, early, late
Sought not nor was found by the dawn.

The horizontal figure eight
Was there and neither truthed nor lied
Nor asked which side it lay upon.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

Bretton Woods

An Englishman
speaks his mind

J. L. Benvenisti

I ASK the reader's indulgence if in this commentary I return to the subject I dealt with last time, the subject of Bretton Woods. I have been writing for *THE COMMONWEAL* ever since the outbreak of the war with Germany, and never during all that time have I dealt with a matter which more vitally affected human destiny, or one which showed in a clearer light the essential flaw in our collective method of arranging our affairs.

I will come straight to the point. The Bretton Woods final act is the crown and triumph of stupidity. It is stupidity's Declaration of Independence. It is the affirmation of the right of stupidity to have the last word, even if it means mass impoverishment and mass frustration the world over, including the impoverishment of America.

Lest it be thought that this is an attack on the negotiators of Bretton Woods, let me say at once that it is nothing of the kind. Not only were the negotiators of Bretton Woods very eminent men on either side, they were, I am quite convinced, men of good will. They acted as they did because they could not help themselves, because they were in a cleft stick. They acted as they did because the political realities of the situation left them no alternative.

That is the frightful part of the whole business, and that is why this article should not be interpreted as a criticism of a handful of financial technicians; it is intended to raise the question whether what we call the democratic way of life, as it is at present organized, is not about to fall down on its job in a most disastrous manner, dragging the whole world down with it in collapse and chaos. This is not rhetoric. I mean what I say, and I implore you to listen to me.

Before going further, I am going to go over the elements of this matter again in the simplest manner of which I am capable, and if what I say appears all too elementary to the reader, I beg him to put up with it as best he can. But it is surely obvious that there are millions of people who have not grasped what is really involved here, otherwise we should not now be in danger of having this enormity committed upon us all.

Here then, once again, are the dry bones of the business. America after the war will be under

the necessity of finding jobs for her people and profits for her business men. She must get her people set to work on making things of one kind or another, things for immediate consumption, and things like railway engines, bridges, houses and skyscrapers, which are used up much more slowly. She must make both these kinds of thing, because if she does not make a sufficient quantity of the second kind she will not distribute enough wages for her people to buy the first kind, and cumulative unemployment will result.

Now, it is the second kind of thing that is the cause of the difficulty, because there are no people ready and waiting to pay money for these so-called "durable goods" in sufficient quantities to cover the whole cost immediately. People who make these things or cause them to be made have to gamble on the public paying for them over a long period, and too many of the people and institutions who possess the money which could enable these things to be made, keep that money locked up in the banks, or use it to buy the securities which the people who are losing their jobs can no longer hang on to.

That is the typical malady of a rich country and that is the malady from which America is bound to suffer after the war. It is not for me to say which remedy she ought to choose. I do not think that America is likely for a very long time to use her surplus potential on socialist principles, although there would be no technical difficulties about it. It would be quite feasible (the reader, no doubt, knows this as well as I do) for the federal and state governments, by floating loans, to rehouse every American family that needed rehousing—even if the ultimate cost fell largely on the American taxpayer. As I pointed out in my last article, the mere fact of having full employment would produce an annual increment in the national income equivalent to six or eight times the sum required to service an annual borrowing of 10 billions.* All the same, I don't think Amer-

*There is no magic about this business about the natural increment of the national income. What happens is simply that producers and business men are continually developing technical and organizational improvements and tend by this means to increase their profits. On the strength of those profits there is in times of reasonably good employment an increased tendency to borrow from the banks and an increased tendency on the

icans would put up with such an arrangement because Americans in the main are antagonistic to socialist ideas—and we must treat that antagonism as one of the data of the case.

What alternative remains? The answer is simple; exports—exports financed, if necessary, by American loans. And that, of course, brings us up against the problem of payment. That problem is of two kinds. There are, first of all, the countries which are so poor that no sane business man would give them any considerable credit, though he would, if the possibility arose, be ready to trade for cash. Then there are the countries which, whether they do or do not produce a surplus over their subsistence requirements, cannot produce or get hold of the goods and commodities which America would be willing to accept as payment. Where this second kind of problem arises—and unfortunately it is arising all over the shop—you are obviously hindered from doing any substantial volume of trade either for credit or cash—to the detriment not only of the country in question which wants American goods, but of the American business man who wants to trade and of American workers who want jobs and wages.

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Let me take an imaginary case, that of a Chinaman who wants to see an American gangster film. Since the Chinese are a people of excellent sense and discernment, even though the acts of their government sometimes tend to sadden us a little, I am quite sure that the Chinese import American gangster films by the ton, or would like to if nothing arose to prevent them. Well then, the Chinaman goes to the cinema to see Humphrey Bogart, Sidney Greenstreet or whatnot, and so far all goes well. The box office gathers in the money and duly pays over the due proportion to the distributing agency. But the distributing agency, or whoever it is that does these things, has got to pay the people in Hollywood, and so it goes to the bank and buys a draft in American dollars. There is no difficulty here that the distributing agency is aware of, but it is already beginning to loom up in the background. In order that the transaction can go through there must be somebody who has American dollars to sell and is willing to accept Chinese dollars in exchange. But there are a lot of people who are in need of American dollars to pay for the American goods which they have bought or wish to buy, and a considerably smaller number of people who want

part of the banks to lend or, alternatively, for the business man's own reserves to be put into circulation. These bank loans and mobilized reserves, of course, become new income for somebody and the national income rises in this way at the rate of approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ percent per head per annum. For America this would mean about 2 billions a year.

Chinese dollars, and sooner or later that is going to work up into a very ticklish situation full of very unpleasant consequences for all concerned.

Let us assume that a loan of dollars is in this particular case considered on principles of "sound finance" to be unjustifiable, then the normal way of dealing with such a situation would be for Chinese banks to curtail their credit, causing numbers of Chinese business men to go bankrupt, and still greater numbers of Chinese workers to accept wage cuts or lose their jobs, and the ultimate result of this in its turn will be that fewer Chinamen will be able to pay to see gangster films and that Messrs. Bogart and Greenstreet, as far as China is concerned, will continue to blush unseen. All this will be greatly to the detriment of the happiness, good temper and spiritual health of the Chinese and (here is the main point) to the financial detriment of quite a number of people in Hollywood, including, for aught I know, Messrs. Bogart and Greenstreet themselves.

I am glad I chose the Chinaman to illustrate my point, for Lamb's Chinaman who burnt down his house to roast his pig is very apposite to my argument—with this exception, that in the present instance it is not only the Chinaman's house which gets burnt down. A good many houses in America get burnt down too, simply so that John Chinaman may have the questionable blessing of roast pig in the form of an even balance of payments on international account. That is the kind of lunacy in which rational men still insist on indulging.

Now, what would be the observations of an intelligent being from Mars, if he were called upon to witness this incredible spectacle. Surely he would say something like this: "The source of the trouble is that a position is liable to arise in which Chinese banks can't get enough American dollars. It doesn't arise because the individual Chinaman wants something for nothing, he is ready to pay out the wages he has honestly earned. Everybody is ready to give a return for value received until you get to this wretched bottleneck at the bank. All right then, break the bottleneck by letting the Chinese banks have the dollars they want. You don't need the dollars. They are sitting in your banks doing nothing whatever, so for Heaven's sake put them somewhere where they will be of some use, put them there for a hundred years, if necessary. Never mind about 'sound finance.' All that matters is that you can always sell the debt so long as the interest is forthcoming, and if you are doubtful about the interest, let the American taxpayer find it. He won't worry, bless him. He is not a financier. If for every few cents he pays in taxes he is able to earn an additional dollar in income he will say it's plain good business, and he will be right."

Please note that it is the Martian who is saying these things, it is not I who say them. Martians,

as the reader can doubtless corroborate from his own experience, are very clear-thinking and nimble-witted people, but despite all their great qualities, which no man acknowledges more readily than I do, they are not subtle. We Terrestrials would never come out baldheaded with a thing like that about shifting a Chinese loan on to the shoulder of the American taxpayer. We should think it altogether too raw. We should cook it and wrap it up—and believe me—there are several ways in which this essential fact could be wrapped up.

Also, like most unsubtle people, Martians are very bad psychologists and the one I am writing about is no exception. He has said that if a few cents in taxes means an additional dollar in earnings the American taxpayer would not worry about it but consider it a good piece of business. He is, of course, quite wrong there. The taxpayer would worry very much, he would worry like hell. He would forget all about the dollar he earns in income and only remember the cent he pays in taxes. And he will have vision of what will be done with that cent, visions of Chinamen lolling in idleness while his own children go barefoot. It will all be completely devoid of any relation to the realities of the matter, but he will believe it for all that. There will be too many people who for political reasons will see to it that he does believe it.

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And that is indeed the nub of the matter. I have for some years been puzzling about certain things that were being done, and even more vital things that were being left undone, both in your country and mine, and, like any other, I have tended to postulate what is called “sinister interest,” i.e., wealthy groups or individuals who bought or otherwise corruptly influenced the government for purposes of enhanced monetary gain. I am becoming more and more convinced that I have been chasing a phantom. There is, I believe, very little of this “sinister interest” in politics, and where it does exist it is curiously weak. We in Britain have pretty well taxed every rich man out of existence. He has been squeezed tighter and tighter these last twenty-five years, and he has hardly left a squawk on record. In politics sheer weight of metal is of negligible importance. What counts in politics is the ability to get votes, which means doing nothing that would enable the other fellow to get votes away from you, and the explanation of the present business is that no one dares tell the electorate that the only way for America to maintain stable employment is to throw the accepted canons of commerce and international lending into the ash can, because anyone who did, or could even be suspected of holding such a view, would promptly have the dog let

loose on him—I mean the dog of popular ignorance and superstition—and nobody at the moment feels capable of tackling that dog.

Lest it be considered impertinence on my part to speak of the stupidity of ordinary men when, as in this case, these ordinary men happen to be Americans, I reply that the British would have been just as stupid if the rôles had been reversed. Indeed I will go further and will back the British on any day of the week, if they are really put on their mettle, to produce bigger and better stupidity than any American.

But that is not the point. The point is that, thanks to the circumstances prevailing in a modern democracy, the solution which our Martian visitor has proposed to us is completely ruled out by the facts of the case, and that is why the negotiators at Bretton Woods had to fall back on a very sorry second best of a solution, which in point of fact is no solution at all.

The heart of the problem, let us remember (forgive me going over this ground again, but it is imperative that I should be clear) is that the American business man wants to do business and that the American wage earner wants to earn wages and that they cannot do enough business or earn enough wages unless American goods are bought on a very large scale on foreign markets. Since, however, a great many countries cannot get hold of the dollars with which individual Americans very naturally want to be paid unless America herself makes them available to them, and since there are insuperable psychological obstacles to America making those dollars available except on more or less approved commercial lines, America is driven to elbowing her way into the relatively few markets which are capable of getting hold of dollars in the ordinary way of trade—even if this means driving out people like the British who need these markets for their actual physical bread.

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But that is not all. The Bretton Woods proposals are so framed (the ingenuity of the thing is almost unbelievable) that the American exporter not only gets the solvent markets; he can, if he so desires, trade in an insolvent market and get the British to foot the bill. The thing works like this. Supposing America chooses to export to a so-called “weak currency” country, that is to say a country that has no goods to offer that would form acceptable international payment, and therefore one for whose currency there is little demand, then America can accept that currency in payment and immediately offer it for sale in London where we have, under the proposed agreement, to accept it and exchange it for sterling at the official rate. America can then sell the sterling which means

ultimately that we must buy it back ourselves and produce the equivalent in dollars or gold.*

And even that is not the end. If we anticipate difficulty in obtaining dollars, or their equivalent gold, we are forbidden to "ration" dollars, i.e., to take steps to limit and control our imports so long as America has any fancy to our capital assets (which we are forbidden to protect) and is prepared to put dollars at our disposal by buying them up! The rules of journalistic decency prevent me from making the only comment that seems adequate to the situation.

Now if by means of this very brutal economic imperialism America were able to achieve for herself a really worthwhile object, I should certainly be resentful, but I should not despair, as I do at present, of the ability of ordinary men to manage their affairs with a reasonable degree of intelligence. But my whole point is that it is quite impossible for America to achieve permanent prosperity by such means as this. First of all the markets which she will be able to acquire in this way will be too restricted to enable her to maintain full and stable employment, and secondly, as I pointed out in my last article, America cannot be permanently prosperous in a vacuum; America cannot achieve stable abundance for her people in a world that is stripped and bankrupt.

The whole thing is really very simple. A millionaire and a street pedler cannot do business together in a big way. If the millionaire has no use for the collar studs, shoe-laces or squeaking dogs which the pedler has for sale, either because he has adequately covered himself already in these articles, or, as seems more apposite to the present illustration, because he is himself in the match, collar stud, shoe-lace and/or squeaking dog business, then they cannot do any business together at all. In the case of two individuals this does not matter very much. The millionaire goes home to his tea and it is just too bad for the pedler. But when we are not dealing with two individuals but two countries, then the result is rather a different one, for the millionaire is bound sooner or later to suffer from that very acute internal complaint known as unemployment, and the richer he is the more painful that malady is bound to be.

That is not hard to understand, but people fail to understand it, and so the world is about to be plunged into the most appalling distress through the circumstance that ordinary men have as yet no notion whatever of the processes by which their

*I am here adopting the interpretation put on the "Final Act" by Dr. Paul Einzig of the *Financial News* and several other leading experts. I have to admit that some people construe the "Act" slightly differently, but that does not help us very much. It is quite obvious that the document has been signed under a considerable amount of pressure, and if its interpretation is debatable there is nothing to stop America, when it comes to the point, from putting the less favorable interpretation on it and using the same pressure to enforce that interpretation.

collective life is really carried on, and that while this is so, we must always reckon with the possibility that a political opponent will exploit that ignorance to the very utmost limits. In such circumstances, needless to say, all intelligent and constructive statesmanship becomes impossible.

This is neither a British or American affair. It is a world wide matter. It is the problem of trying to work democracy without training, without adequate education and without intellectual effort. I do not despair of democracy, but it seems to me that the training, the education and the intellectual effort are becoming rather alarmingly overdue in both our countries.

Communications

THE PLIGHT OF SMALL BUSINESS

Vancouver, Wash.

TO the Editors: Thank you for the few crumbs which you threw to the small business and enterprises of the nation. It was an encouraging sign to read "[Small business] must be preserved as an American institution *at all hazards*." Isn't it more than just an *American* institution? Isn't it one of the few signposts left of democracy in our industrial world?

In the same issue (October 27) Thomas F. Woodlock stresses the real danger that confronts small business in his letter—"the tyrannous rule of unrestrained majorities," i.e. employee-ism.

The only hope for Co-ops is in the capable hands of small businessmen, certainly not in the hands of the boss-minded majority.

P.F.C.

SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editors: In the long letter of his which you quote in your issue of November 24 Dr. Charles L. Farrell writes that the problem of medical care is "basically economic, not medical," yet by clear implication he would exclude the social worker and the man in public life from a share in its solution. He writes that "the same people who lack medical care undoubtedly lack many other necessities of life such as shoes, clothes, and sufficient food," and then goes on to ask whether "we should disrupt the business methods of the shoe and leather industries so that this social condition may be remedied." Surely, the answer to that is: Yes, if that is the way to remedy it. So, too, for the matter of that, with the "business methods" of doctors or of men of any other profession.

Later in his letter Dr. Farrell writes that "the doctor's bill is very often the smallest item in the cost of medical care." That may well be, but there is little justification or basis for comparison. Grant the superior preparation and training of the physician, the fact is that the nurses' bills are for services covering eight, twelve, or even twenty-hours a day and that the hospital bills must include the cost of supplies of medicine, linen, food, and fuel, the cost of surgical and technical equipment, the cost of maintain-

ing building and plant from boiler room to kitchen to laboratory and operating room, to say nothing of the wages of cooks, laundresses, fireman, elevator men, orderlies, and scrubwomen, as well as X-ray and ambulance service. That the doctor's bill should "often be the smallest item in the bill for medical care" is hardly cause for comment or self-congratulation on the doctor's part. Here one is not concerned with the question of the adequacy or inadequacy of the physician's income but only with the irrelevance of the comparison Dr. Farrell would have us make.

Irrelevant, too, is his comment on patients who "insist on special nurses and all possible extras." In considering the problem of medical care for the nation, the number of such people is utterly negligible; indeed, such people do not enter into the problem at all. For the number of people who can employ special nurses even as a matter of need is comparatively very small, and the number who employ them as a matter of self-indulgence is incomparably less. And to say as Dr. Farrell does, that the "costs of illness can be controlled by the patient" is almost meaningless. Assuming that he is able to make payment at all, the patient must pay the charges set by the hospital, the nurse, and the doctor.

Equally pointless is Dr. Farrell's remark that "the Blue Cross will tell you that persons quite frequently ask for better accommodations at the hospital than their contract calls for." If the problem of medical care involved merely, or even primarily the hospitalization of people who hold contracts with the Blue Cross it would hardly have become a matter of grave national interest.

M. R. COPITHORNE.

CO-OPS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: As a subscriber to *THE COMMONWEAL*, I was disappointed to read the manner in which the short editorial, "Another for the Co-ops," appearing in the November 24 issue, was presented. Since I am an employee in the office of the Trustees of Associated Gas and Electric Corporation, I was very surprised to see your statement that "chief obstacle was the Associated Gas and Electric, the former owner, which sought to sell these properties to a private operator for \$100,000 less than the co-ops had bid." This is clearly misconstruing the facts of the "long and involved story" which I have summarized in the memorandum attached. The first offer made by the cooperatives was not as large in price as that made by the individual bidder, and since it covered only the electric properties of the Ohio-Midland Light and Power Company (leaving the integral railroad property hanging in mid-air), it certainly was not a desirable transaction.

The later offer of the co-operatives, which came after a contract of sale had been entered into with the individual high bidder, contained provision which would have netted a lower price than the one contracted. However, after involved legal proceedings and a revised bid of \$2,115,000 by the co-operatives, the transaction was effected.

I should like to point out that the Trustees have given

their acquiescence to many sales of System properties to co-operatives, and in any case the Trustees, under the supervision of the Federal Court, try to manage the Estate of Associated Gas and Electric Corporation in the best interests of its many security holders. All System property sales are reviewed by the Court at open hearings and it is hardly likely that the Trustees would seek, or the Court condone, the sale of any property at other than the best possible price.

Memorandum: After extensive negotiations in the first half of 1943, firm offers were requested by Associated Electric Company for its subsidiary, Ohio-Midland Light and Power Company. The highest bid received, proposing a base price of \$1,885,000 was made by an individual. Three co-operatives were willing to buy only the electric properties of the company at a lower base price. One feature of the company involved its railroad property, Ohio-Midland Light and Power Company having a 99-year contract with the Columbus and Southern Ohio Electric Company, a non-affiliated company. The latter supplies Ohio-Midland's entire power requirements and Ohio-Midland carries over its railroad the coal and other supplies purchased by Columbus and Southern at its principal steam generating plant. Associated Electric Company therefore felt that the offer made by the co-operatives was undesirable from several standpoints and entered into a contract with the highest bidder for the sale of all its interest.

About two months later, the co-operatives made a revised offer of \$2,010,000—however, aside from the obligation Associated Electric Company had in fulfilling the contract it entered, the offer of the co-operatives contained provisions which would have resulted in downward adjustments of price leaving the net price to the seller under that which it would receive from the individual purchaser.

In the early part of 1944, the co-operatives and the Rural Electrification Administration intervened in proceedings before the Securities and Exchange Commission with respect to the application of Associated Electric Company for approval of the sale on the basis of the contract it had entered. In addition a number of towns in the area served by Ohio-Midland joined in that request and in March, 1944, the Commission granted their request that formal competitive bidding be held. Associated Electric Company complied with the order and received two bids, the higher, for a base price of \$2,115,000, being made by co-operatives, for all the interest of Associated Electric Company in Ohio-Midland. At later hearings before the Commission, Columbus and Southern Ohio Electric Company sought to intervene on the grounds that it was the more logical purchaser; that the proposed combined projects of the co-operatives were unsound; that the co-operatives were without statutory authority to acquire the company and that the Rural Electrification Administration was without statutory authority to loan the co-operatives the necessary funds. Some of the towns favored the sale to the co-operatives, but some opposed the sale.

Meanwhile, three suits had been brought in the Ohio courts by or in the name of a member of one of the co-

operatives to enjoin the co-operatives from acquiring the company on grounds substantially similar to those advanced before the Commission. Temporary injunctions were granted but later dismissed.

However, the Commission gave its approval to the sale to the co-operatives. Immediately thereafter a complaint was filed with the Ohio Public Utilities Commission by several of the towns against the co-operatives but no action was taken by the Ohio Commission.

On September 25, 1944, the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York authorized the Trustees of Associated Gas and Electric Corporation to acquiesce in the sale by Associated Electric Company (a subholding company in the Associated System) of the Ohio company to the co-operatives, and the sale was consummated on October 19, 1944.

BERNADETTE KELLER.

LEPER APPEAL—CHRISTMAS 1944

TO the Editors: Because many of the men and women in our armed forces have viewed personally the magnificent work of our missionaries laboring in the various leper colonies throughout the world, this apostolate assumes a much closer and more personal significance.

While none can deny the loathsomeness of this affliction, the hopeless element is no longer so disturbingly apparent. It is possible to arrest the progress of the disease and in some instances to effect cures. However, the purchase of the drugs needed for the lepers, as well as the nourishing food, proper clothing and housing, all create problems which can be solved only by a generous response on the part of American Catholics to our appeal in behalf of the Lepers' Christmas Fund.

This is our opportunity to prove our willingness to co-operate in this great and truly Christlike work. Offerings may be sent to Diocesan Offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith (one in every diocese) or to the National Office, 109 East 38th Street, New York, 16, New York.

RIGHT REV. MSGR. THOMAS J. McDONNELL,
National Director.

The Stage & Screen

The Late George Apley

IT WAS a strange thing, and I kept wondering if anyone else noticed it, but every time the curtain rose at the Lyceum the other evening, I got a distinct aroma of old old rich guarded leather gear: a pigskin and morocco smell, stirred with a little piece of Bay rum, something out of Roger & Gallet's stock, perhaps a sample dash of lemon oil and turpentine. If not dream-stuff, this sensation was indeed a tribute to Stewart Chaney's selection of properties, and certainly a good example of proper expository means in the hands of a designer of taste. The smell was one of seasoning, of over-and-over polish and mend; if I had never read "Apley" nor read

about him, I should still have known I was in for an examination of so-called *security*—the state known to most of us nostalgically as Childhood, but which is the so-called Bostonian's progressive tense: his *is being*. The Kaufman script outlines only one year of the famous Life (or should I say paradigm?) but it is a crucial one in which both son and daughter choose to marry outlanders (one Worcester girl, one Yale man) and almost get away with it. I think it builds a good evening in the theater by reason of acting, but there were definitely moments—longer than moments—when the writing had me worried. The main transition, for instance, when Apley proceeds from hide-bound Emerson to locked Freud; from family-mixture cigar to cigarette; from Beacon Street to an acceptance of Staten Island; seemed to me to occur rather late and rather prolongedly in the works; and his sudden return from this hypothetical flight conversely rather abrupt. But in the hands of Leo G. Carroll, the character emerges not only whole and psychologically believable, but appealing. The four-square innocence of the man, his appalling detailed tactlessnesses, his stone-wall stupidity, are here so skillfully drawn, one finds it possible to understand, even uphold the conspiracy of love surrounding him. Irresistible Mr. Carroll rears an irresistible Mr. Apley and it is a heartwarming, heartbreaking, understanding process. Janet Beecher's gentle, staunch, worried support proves, I think, my hazard. The young people, David McKay and Joan Chandler, and particularly Margaret Phillips as a distant niece and planned daughter-in-law are exact and sensitive. Only in minor rôles does the demon Parody somewhat coil—I found Margaret Dale to give in to this in the part of a family "character." But otherwise, Percy Waram, Catherine Proctor, and the rest, keep it straight, silly and sad. I think you should see it. (*At the Lyceum.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Just for the Fun of It

A CLUSTER of recent comedies that don't quite rate a full-length review is noted below. Perhaps one of these films will attract you, and having done so will reward you with a laugh; or perhaps reading these notes will save your going to a theater and sitting with the corners of your mouth turned down.

"*Together Again*" is what Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer are in this little bit of froth. Its plot, about a woman mayor and a sculptor who are very slow about getting together for the final clinch, is rather thin and one wonders what the four writers responsible for the story and screenplay did to earn their money. It has, however, some amusing wisecracks; and Dunne and Boyer, who can handle this kind of adult repartee well, glitter all over the place. They are assisted by Charles Coburn who favors the mayor's dropping her job and being feminine, and by a couple of teen-agers (Mona Freeman and Jerome Courtland) who complicate the plot by thinking the mayor and the sculptor would consider marriage with them. Director Charles Vidor should have come to the conclusion before we got tired of the whole situation.

"*Something for the Boys*" is not very much; the boys

deserve more. This Hollywood version (complete with slickness, garish technicolor and exaggerated plot) of the musical comedy that once passed as a vehicle for Ethel Merman, is about three cousins (played by Carmen Miranda, Phil Silvers and Vivian Blaine) who inherit a mildewed Southern mansion which they doll up in movie fashion to serve as a home for army wives. Most of the humor falls pretty flat, and the handling of the army maneuvers comes close to being disgraceful. If this is meant to be satire, it is hardly recognizable as such. Cole Porter's music and some additional songs don't help a great deal. The film's bright moments belong to Carmen Miranda who puts over a couple of Latin American songs that really are something for the boys.

"Brazil," which doesn't have Carmen Miranda, has her sister Aurora who shows that she can also dance and use her hands for fancy gestures. This musical movie includes in its assets several extraordinary production numbers. Most of the music is by the Latin American composer, Ary Barroso, whose song "Brazil" has already been popular for some time. You won't exactly smell the coffee, but the movie has an authentic flavor that is unusual in a production with a South American locale. This is due mainly to Barroso's music, the fact that Latin Americans play the rôles of Latin Americans and the unpretentious story kids North Americans who come to Rio de Janeiro for two weeks to write a book about Brazil. Virginia Bruce plays the writer who changes her mind about Latins; Tito Guizar sings, guides the writer and influences her change of mind. Edward Everett Horton is around for comedy relief. He is not always successful in this, but fortunately Director Joseph Santley depends less on him than on the entertaining song-and-dance interludes.

"Bowery to Broadway" is a little costume piece that follows the seemingly endless competitions, fights and reconciliations between two producers played by Jack Oakie and Donald Cook. From its beginning in the oh-so-gay nineties (the Bowery must have been a very musical neighborhood) to its happy ending many years later, you are treated to a long series of musical numbers with old and new songs. Susanna Foster, Maria Montez, Louise Allbritton, Rosemary De Camp, Frank McHugh and many others help to put these across. The total effect is quite uninspired, but the movie manages to come to life every now and then. My interest picked up when Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan sang "He Took Her for a Sleighride," and when Mantan Moreland and Ben Carter revived an old favorite among vaudeville skits.

"The Princess and the Pirate" is a costume picture too, but its script does everything it can to be as anachronistic as possible and to kid the celluloid off the movie itself. Bob Hope, a master at this kind of kidding, plays a ham actor who is forced to don a variety of disguises to escape the swashbuckling pirates and villains who pursue him. Since the picture is mainly a series of gags, its formula gets a bit tiresome before it runs its allotted time. Even admirers of Hope (who are many) will have to admit they see and hear a lot of their funny hero before the finale (which has a hilarious surprise and will most likely

send the customers away thinking they've had a riotous time). Although this is a Samuel Goldwyn production and it has some handsome technicolor and a good supporting cast including pretty Virginia Mayo, Walter Slezak, Walter Brennan and Victor McLaglen, it really has little of entertainment value outside of Hope and his wisecracks. Some of the latter are a shade off-color — and I'm not referring to the technicolor.

"Lost in a Harem" puts Bud Abbott and Lou Costello in costume too, but its efforts at making the comedians funny fail sadly. Even their most ardent fans will have to admit that this one has the fewest laughs of any of their movies. The addition of Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra, of a lot of fancy sets left over from M-G-M's "Kismet," and even of chubby Costello in female garb, do little to make this hodge-podge an entertaining hodge-podge. Like all comedians, what A & C need is humorous material, and this movie doesn't have it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Between Heaven and Earth. Franz Werfel. Philosophical Library. \$3.00.

THREE and a half years ago, when "The Song of Bernadette" was published, Mr. Werfel said explicitly in his preface "I am not a Catholic, but a Jew." He evidently felt the disclaimer necessary, as he had written so very Catholic a book. "Between Heaven and Earth" is hardly less Catholic, but now Mr. Werfel tries to explain why he can never be anything but a Jew. This is of course only one part of the book, but it is undoubtedly its most striking part. The rest is a general argument for the spiritual as against the material, and this includes a repudiation equally of capitalism and communism, concerning which he has some good things to say; but the section headed "On Christ and Israel" is of immense interest as an attempt to offer a psychological explanation for what Franz Werfel admits to be still a stiff-necked people.

He himself evidently accepts Christ in the Christian sense, yet he tells us that "the predestined recipient of salvation is the only one who is excluded from salvation until the last day but one of world history"; that "God's Providence actually condemned Israel to reject God Himself for the salvation of the whole world"; and that "[the] Jew who goes to the baptismal font deserts Christ Himself, since he arbitrarily interrupts his historical



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suffering—the penance for rejecting the Messiah.” For the Jew there can be no release, since, as Werfel says, he is a member not so much of the chosen race as of the race apart.

That is psychologically very interesting, but logically very fallacious. The humility of the Jew, as depicted by Franz Werfel, is really a fantastic pride. He is scornful of the idea that the Jew must be evangelized like the Pigmy and the Papuan, which of course is only to assert a racial theory which largely accounts for that other racial theory which has been used as an attempt to exterminate the Jew. That Israel is the chosen people is a scientifically demonstrable fact; but whatever its importance, still more important is the fact that Israel is part of the human race, and that though the Gospel was preached first to the Jew and then to the Gentile, it is of universal applicability. That a different apologetic approach is needed for the Jew than that needed for the Pigmy and the Papuan is obvious, if only for the reason that the Jew has in his own traditions the strongest of evidences for the Gospel. Mr. Werfel's argument, however, would seem to be that it is the obligation of the Jew to accept Christ as the God-Man—and to remain outside the Church as a victim and a witness. It is an argument that seems to exalt Jewry above humanity; it is therefore an argument as unfortunate as it is false. What should be added is that most of this section—and most of the book—was written some years ago; in a kind of post-script Mr. Werfel now writes, “I have touched upon a mystery which I do not feel strong enough nor wise enough to interpret validly.”

The book contains some things that are trite; other things that are trivial; and a few passages which (at any rate as they are translated) are somewhat turgid. But it should all be read, for it is full of profound and moving ideas, whose scope has hardly been indicated by the single point upon which I have touched. Especially good is its summary of some of the principal reasons—psychological, logical, moral, and esthetic—why faith in God appears necessary and unavoidable. Franz Werfel's strength is not that of a philosopher but that of a poet, perhaps even that of a mystic. Yes, it must be said that he is really a mystic, though with this qualification: a true mysticism has led him to Christ, though a false mysticism is holding him back from taking the final step. His candor and intelligence are such that he deserves to be read by all Christians. It may even be that he will serve to clarify the issue for Jews, as he is obviously trying to clarify it to his own mind.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Story of a Secret State. Jan Karski. Houghton. \$3.00.

IF YOU are looking for a story with many murders, incredible escapes, a mysterious girl, much intrigue and heroism, full of political meaning and describing the underground fight against nazi tyranny, Jan Karski's “Story of a Secret State” more than fills the bill. Polish Prime Minister Mikolajczyk asked Karski to write this report: “Tell everything you experienced. . . . Convey the facts and let the people draw their own conclusion.” Karski—who manifestly belongs to the upper stratum of Polish society—tells how he did not realize in August, 1939, that World War II was around the corner, how he went through Polish defeat as an officer whose regiment was, after a long retreat, finally taken prisoner by the Red Army, how he escaped from the Soviet Union in order to join the Polish underground, how he was utilized

as a courier to maintain communications with the Government in Exile, how he was caught by the Germans, how he met a typical SS officer, who tried to win him over by strange confidences, how he recuperated on a Polish estate, cared for by a beautiful young lady whose brother was organizing the destruction of German agents and propagandists.

Of special interest is Karski's story of the organization of a secret Polish State functioning under the eyes of the German occupation forces who were unable to see what was going on. Karski reports that other underground forces existed too, under the direction of Moscow, but he does not describe them because he had no experience with them. Particularly gruesome is the account of a German camp destined for the mass extermination of the Jews. The horrifying details make the description of similar camps published in the Information Bulletin of the Soviet embassy in Washington, D. C., appear as somewhat reticent. It must be noted also that Karski claims that there is no anti-nazi underground in Germany, operated by Germans; he reveals that even former friends of his in Berlin have been changed to enthusiastic and fanatical supporters of Hitler.

The chapter describing his sojourn in the German capital raises a most important moral issue: Karski used direct lies in order to protect himself. To accomplish his missions he posed as a pro-German collaboratorist. Again and again he says that all means must be and are used by the underground. What will happen to this attitude after more or less normal conditions are restored? Will the heroic or the amoral element prevail? Or will they produce strange combinations? What will happen to the thousands of conspirators who have been created by this war? Will they allow themselves to be disarmed? And if disarmed, will they peacefully join the groups of average citizens interested in raising a family, gaining their living and obtaining some success in their various respectable trades? Postwar Europe will have no opportunity to forget the Underground.

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

The Church and the Papacy. Trevor G. Jalland, S.P.C.K. Morehouse. \$7.50.

THE TIME has long since passed, if it ever existed, when any scholar could hope to write with authority on every age of Church history. Moreover it is hardly possible for any single volume on so vast a subject to be more than a convenient summary or outline if it tries to give due attention to each age. More commonly such a book will be of special value for the period on which the author is an expert and will give the reader the impression that the rest of it represents material put together for the occasion in order to aim at completeness. That is the case with this book, which gives two-thirds of its space to the first six centuries, and covers the last four and a half centuries in a hundred and thirteen pages. Nevertheless it is a notable work by an author who is well known for his study of Leo the Great.

The central problem confronting Protestants interested in the union of all Christian forces against the common foe is the Holy See. Union without Rome is chimerical, and anyway would be nothing more than union against her. Yet even the most bitterly anti-Catholic groups in the Protestant world know that the great threat to the Christian principles they still maintain comes from other quarters. A generation which has learned how dangerous

the theory of absolute national sovereignty can be in politics can hardly miss the devastating consequences to which it leads when applied to the religious sphere. There is more to be said for the national state than for the national church. Hence the timeliness of this reexamination by a distinguished Anglican scholar of the traditional Anglican attitude to Rome. It was fitting that this be done in a series of lectures delivered at Oxford as the Bampton Lectures for 1942.

Though Dr. Jalland's conclusions fall far short of Catholic teaching they represent a substantial advance to it on many points. He is well aware of and draws freely on the great work done in this field by the modern French Catholic writers, and when he disagrees with us he does so with perfect courtesy, without a trace of the bitterness and condescension not uncommon in works of this kind. Unlike Pusey he has not fired his olive branch from a catapult. If the latter part of his book were as good as the first it would be an outstanding work. The modern era is treated too briefly, and Creighton is preferred to Pastor, who is not mentioned. Nonetheless this book deserves a warm welcome. FLORENCE D. COHALAN.

Leonardo da Vinci, His Life and His Pictures. R. Langton Douglas. Chicago. \$4.00.

LEONARDO da Vinci is one of the key figures of European culture and one of its most famous artists. It is remarkable, however, how few uncontested facts we have about his art and how large a part of his work is a matter of hypothesis. The best students differ widely on the most fundamental points—when he came to Florence, whether he was precocious or of slow development, what work he did during his eight years in Verrocchio's workshop, whether he was a sculptor as well as a painter, what works he did while in Milan, whether "The Last Supper" in its present state gives a good idea of Leonardo's original or not.

For the ordinary museum goer these problems are not very important, since the great mass of the Milanese pictures belong to the history of Leonardo whether executed by the artist himself or by pupils under his artistic authority. But for the art historian the existence of large areas of vagueness in the work of so famous an artist is extremely disconcerting. The problems of Leonardo's work in the 1470's while he was in Verrocchio's workshop, as well as his work in Milan, arise from the nature of fifteenth century artistic production. Artists were still half craftsmen. They worked together in a workshop under the direction of a master, collaborating on the big decorative projects of the shop, using drawings which were common property though made by one or another member of the workshop. The one documented painting by Verrocchio, for example, is the "Madonna di Piazza" in the cathedral of Pistoia, a large altar which was the chief work of the workshop in 1477 and 1478. Verrocchio received the order and made the basic designs but Leonardo and Lorenzo di Credi also did drawings or worked over Verrocchio's drawings; the *predelle* of the altar are by Leonardo, Lorenzo di Credi and Perugino; the completed altar contains some of Leonardo's painting but was chiefly finished by Lorenzo di Credi ten years later while Verrocchio was busy on another work at Venice. These habits of collaboration combined with absence of documents and signatures make for very baffling problems of authorship. The question of Leonardo's early

work is really a question of his fellow assistant, Lorenzo di Credi. Credi was a bad painter. But was he, as students often are, quite a good painter while under the eye of his master, only lapsing into a native tediousness when the control of his master's taste was removed? Mr. Berenson and Dr. Degenhart believe that he was quite good in the beginning. Mr. Douglas believes he was always bad. If Credi was always bad it leaves the field free for Leonardo whom Mr. Douglas believes to have been rather precocious and prolific in his early years. He attributes to him a number of borderline and disputed works, notably the Dreyfuss "Madonna" which is now in America.

In the same way the problems of Leonardo's Milanese pictures are bound up with the problem of his pupils, especially Ambrogio de Predis. In the spring of 1501 Isabella d'Este wanted to buy a picture of Leonardo and her agent, Fra Pietro da Novellara, wrote her a number of letters about his visits to Leonardo's studio. In one he said "two of Leonardo's pupils were doing some portraits and he from time to time put a touch on them." Mr. Douglas believes Leonardo painted more portraits than is often supposed.

Of "The Last Supper" he believes nothing is left today but a bad parody of Leonardo's original. Other students believe one can still get a good conception of Leonardo's work from it.

On many points of the mystery of Leonardo as an artist no answer can be given except the consensus of the most careful students' hypotheses. The value of this book is that we have another careful judgment to add to our understanding of Leonardo's activity. Its defect for the general reader is that such a book tends to become in places an argument with other art historians rather than a book about Leonardo; and Mr. Douglas carries on a lively one man war against the Morellian school of critics. But his opinions are those of a critic qualified by a very long life devoted to the study of Italian art and one must be glad that he has put down the fruit of his long studies for our benefit. E. P. RICHARDSON.

Stories of Writers and Artists by Henry James. Edited with an Introduction by F. O. Matthiessen. New Directions. \$2.00.

ONE OF the most rewarding reprints recently published by that indispensable firm called New Directions is this volume of long short stories, or short novels on a special plane of life, with its valuable preface by Professor Matthiessen. The plane in question is that of the psychology of the artist, usually the literary artist like James himself; hence the whole book can be considered a refraction of that great writer's opinions and experiences. Some of the stories are taken from the volume in his collected works entitled "The Author of Beltraffio" (1884); others from "The Lesson of the Master" (1888), and still more are added from books published in the nineties, like the brilliant and pathetic "Real Thing," or published even later. The last item in the reprint, "The Story in It," dates from 1903.

Many Henry James characters in the great body of his work are artists and writers, successful or unsuccessful, noble or fatuous. The hero of his first long novel, "Roderick Hudson" (1876), is a young American sculptor uprooted from Northampton, Massachusetts, to Rome, and this immature but charming work was published only three years after "The Madonna of the Future," the first

story in the collection under review. It is noteworthy also that Roderick is an expatriate of the seventies, just as was his creator. Without any deep knowledge of history, without any very reasoned philosophy of life, James had felt from childhood the subtle, magnetic pull of England and the Continent, particularly its *highlife* as it is termed in Gallic slang. Consequently, he lived and worked most of his life abroad, and died in 1916 a British citizen. As for the motive of this early and illustrious expatriation, it may be expressed in the words of the old American painter in "The Madonna of the Future." "We lack the deeper sense. . . . Our crude and garish climate, our silent past, our deafening present. . . . We poor aspirants must live in perpetual exile."

To which now familiar jeremiad the narrator of the story, a much younger man, replies in the voice of the later James (who so seldom, save in "The Bostonians" and in "Washington Square," applied his theory to these States): "Nothing is so idle as to talk about our want of a nursing air, a kindly soil. . . . The only thing that helps is to do something fine. There's no law in the Constitution against that. *Invent, create, achieve.*"

Both speakers are echoing their creator. It is perfectly true that James disliked his native country because he feared it. Boston, Cambridge, Harvard were supposed to be its Athens, Piræus, Illysus, and he cordially detested all three. "One could sit there on a summer noon utterly alone, with a sense of being at the periphery of the universe, 20,000 miles from the nearest center of energy. . . . Was it [America] all like this . . . a void or a terror?"

When a man like James, one of more than adequate means, his mind boiling with literary situations, *not* (as T. S. Eliot reminds us) with real ideas, feels that way about his country, there is only one thing for him to do. He will abandon it, more or less permanently, live abroad in some country of his choice,

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté . . .

and do what James did—invent, create, achieve. Doubtless too, he had to turn his back upon America in order to depict, as he so marvelously did, some of the American types of his time—a long time ago, let us recall. Perhaps his major theme, apart from that of the problems of the artist reflected in this volume, has been the spectacle of young Americans of good birth and either sex, in the toils of that old, corrupt, sophisticated Europe which so fascinated him. That is the tragedy of Roderick Hudson and Christina Light in the same story, of Daisy Miller, of Christopher in "The American," and of Isabel Archer in "The Portrait of a Lady"—all written when James was still James the First, in more senses than one, and not James the Second, still less the "old Pretender" of "The Sacred Fount" and "The Golden Bowl." *Innocents Abroad* may be offered as a subtitle for his earlier, and (for this reviewer at least) his most exquisite works of art.

It was not James the First or Second, but the Old Pretender who, in his "Notes on the Novel," turning tired eyes on the youthful Georgiana (Mackenzie, Cannan, Walpole, all that lot) selected Compton Mackenzie as the one most likely to endure, while remaining most toplofty and frigid to D. H. Lawrence, doubtless because Mackenzie was the son of distinguished stage people and a personal friend to boot, whereas poor Lawrence was only the son of a Derbyshire coal-miner.

It was also with the Old Pretender that H. G. Wells, who had fallen, like most of us, under the evil enchantment of "The Turn of the Screw," launched his famous little controversy commencing from the appearance of Wells's satire, "Boon." This is excellently reported in Professor Matthiessen's introduction. The later James novel, Wells declared, "is like a church lit, but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely *there*, is—a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string."

One readily sees that James, more than Meredith, is always the novelist of pattern, of the Figure in the Carpet, and never one of philosophic universals like Melville, with all his shocking crudities, or Dostoevski, or Marcel Proust. Hardly ever does he stray far from the little group of subtle, well-dressed people on the baronial terrace, tinkling with their teacups. Melville, on the contrary, slipped around all the seven seas like his symbolic white whale. And for Proust there was a Swann's Way, as well as a Guermantes; there were many other devious and miry ways, one of them leading to that appalling Arabian Nights brothel in "The Past Recaptured." But for Henry James, even the most violent of the passions is always accompanied by a shadowy companion whose name is decorum. One of the stories in the present volume is called "The Right Thing." Today we are watching the final break-up of the Henry James world, and also (save for its timeless significance) of the Proust world. The first German war gave that world a bad shock; and now it is rapidly falling into pieces like London Bridge in Eliot's "Hollow Men." To make way for what . . . ? That is a question which cannot be safely left to the doctrinaire, the politician, or even the artist, though it is, perhaps, being currently decided by the common soldier.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

William the Silent. C. V. Wedgwood. Yale. \$3.00.

WILLIAM THE SILENT, Prince of Orange, fell into both title and surname. The principality he came by honestly enough, through the timely decease of a cousin whom fate had marked for a bullet. But the nickname "Silent" was never rightfully his. It is really no more than a poor translation from the Latin of what had been originally "sly" in Dutch.

Brought up a Lutheran in the German Rhineland where "clothes were expected to last and women had their own faces," William passed to the Church with his principedom and moved over to the Imperial Court in the Netherlands where "shirts were new for every occasion and so were the ladies' faces." Later, when the Low Countries surged with revolt against the King of Spain, he declared himself a Calvinist. There were still to be times when his Protestant orthodoxy would stir suspicion in the mind of the preacher Dathenus.

Yet with all its background of religious change this new biography is not primarily church history. For the authoress has broken with the interpretation of John Lothrop Motley and has painted the troubles in the Netherlands as the result of constitutional more than of religious strivings.

And the Prince of Orange is portrayed throughout as "the wisest, gentlest and bravest man who ever led a nation." From page to page, one catches intimate glimpses of him. He is "Vader Willem" seated amongst his

burghers at Delft settling their domestic problems, or military strategist planning the relief of Leyden by the cutting of its dykes, or master statesman traveling up and down the seventeen provinces unceasing in his efforts to forge a united nation.

It is a peculiarly modern story Miss Wedgwood tells. There is in it the great sorrow that lies upon the land under foreign occupation. There is treachery, too, with the stranger who protested that he came as protector plotting the enslavement of the patriots. It is almost as though the black years of 1940-1944 were presaged for us.

This history has of course been penned before—in the massive tomes of Rachfahl and Namèche, more recently, in Pieter Geyl's "The Revolt of the Netherlands" (1932)—but there is human warmth in these pages. This is something more than a biography; it is almost a living creation.

One point only would I quarrel with. King Philip of Spain who serves as villain in the piece has been seen solely from the standpoint of the Dutch. Cruel, intolerant and narrow he may have been to them, but there was another side to the man that Spaniards knew. It is this other Philip the Prudent of R. B. Merriman and William Thomas Walsh whom one must balance against Miss Wedgwood's likeness.

Those who love color and action will find it here in this book. And they will have it given them with an English style that is crystal clear and a scholarship beyond reproach.

HENRY G. J. BECK.

My Unconsidered Judgment. Noel F. Busch. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.00.

Your Kids and Mine. Joe E. Brown. Doubleday Doran. \$2.00.

Middle East Diary. Noel Coward. Doubleday Doran. \$2.00.

A COUPLE of decades ago these three items would have been called travel books, not with-gun-and-camera type (although firearms figure largely in each and the Busch book is illustrated with photographs), but see-all-and-comment type which have made popular reading and listening ever since Homer. The three authors went on lengthy journeys that were inspired by the present war; and while the books that resulted will not take the place of any learned tomes, their coverage of a wide variety of persons, places and subjects (big and little) furnishes good reading now and will provide excellent source material for future historians. Although the material is similar and the authors may have crossed paths several times, their attitudes have little in common. Brown's book overflows with the milk of human kindness, Coward's with class snobbery, and Busch's is filled mainly with objective reporting spiced with dry wit.

Noel Busch, an editor of *Life*, was sent in 1942 to do an article on Smuts. He stopped off in Argentina, spent some time in South and North Africa (including the Tunisian battlefront), took a side excursion to Arabia to interview its king, flew to England in 1943 and returned home by way of Eire. Out of this long journey have come some informative and amusing pieces which you may have seen in *Life*. They are reprinted here with connecting chapters in which Busch tells of his experiences and tersely comments on people and places. When he characterizes the people of a nation he is inclined

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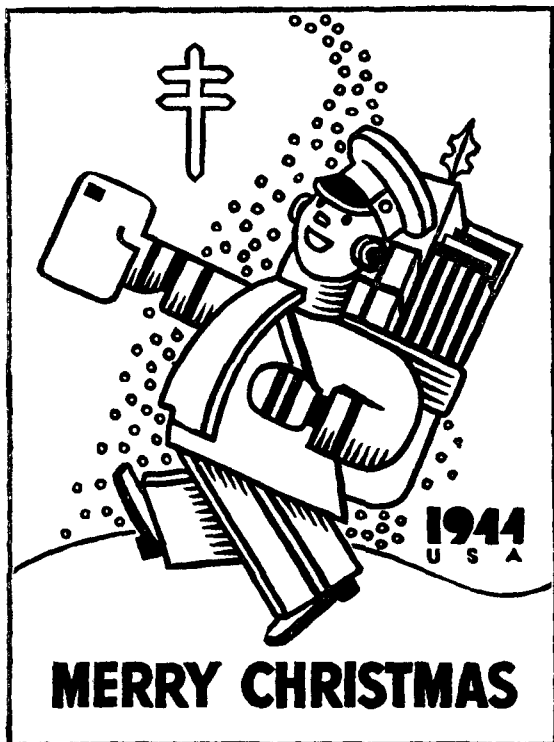
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to be hasty and flip: the chronic indecision of the Argentinians, the complacency of the Egyptians, the adaptability of the English, the repressed neutrality of the Irish. But in his crisp, and occasionally affected style, he also manages to say a lot that makes good sense. Furthermore, in his own defense, he warns against accounts written by reporters who travel by air and visit briefly. I found the book's longer chapters engrossing, particularly those on Air Chief Marshal Tedder (who has a contempt for war and believes the air our last chance to coordinate the world as a whole) and Anthony Eden (the British Government's Number 2 Man whom Mussolini characterized as "the best dressed fool in Europe" and Busch finds "a classic specimen, complete with flaws, of an England that men like himself made great"). Busch's facetious disposal of war in the final chapter still remains his unconsidered judgment.

Joe E. Brown's book is almost a tear jerker. This is a strange thing to call the writings of a comedian who set out to banish tears with laughter, but "Your Kids and Mine" will surely moisten many an eye. Although it has a folksy quality (complete with expressions like *nope, gosh, kids, jerk in a jeep*) that might stir any intelligent reader to scoffing, its author is very effective in describing the little guy. He doesn't write literature like Saroyan, but he writes about the same little guy who is now in uniform and has a grin on his face and the world's weight on his shoulders. Brown is a natural and much loved clown whose signature is a big mouth. After the death of his eldest son, this Pagliaccio went some 150 thousand miles to entertain kids in uniform. This humble, little book describes his experiences in the Pacific, Africa, China, Italy, his programs, the bravery and suffering he saw; it also has a lot to say about the importance of entertainment for morale and curative effects of laughter. Although he talks about himself a great deal, he remains unboastful, and he stresses the fine leadership of the officers and the fitness of the kids. (I wish he would call them *men*.) Solicitous officers sometimes made him feel like an old lady being helped by Boy Scouts going in opposite directions. For the kids themselves he had a love even greater than theirs for him. He made them laugh and he gave them something to write home about. His book is a report to 30 million "moms, pops and best girls." Because of its sincerity, we can forgive its corniness. If it proves, and it should, a help to others who are traveling the road back from sorrow, and if it makes readers more understanding and worthy of what their kids are going through, more power to it and Joe E. Brown.

Noel Coward made his entries in his diary from July to October, 1943, while entertaining the armed forces on the Mediterranean and Middle East fronts. It is difficult to take his book seriously; for while it was obviously written for publication, it is full of an endless succession of trivia and personal references to friends like Binkie, Billy, Dickie, etc., with whom he went bathing, lay in the sun, attended parties and drank between performances. These cute names are usually followed by parentheses which enclose the person's full name, titles, etc., so we'll know and fully appreciate the great and near great with whom Noel played. In one entry these include "just a couple of generals." There are of course in "Middle East Diary" several really fine passages, for Coward can write well when he forgets himself and his

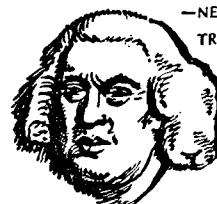
prejudices. His tributes to the valor of the fighters, to the dignity and spirit of the wounded, to the young airmen "who have stood between us and annihilation," merit a place with some of the best prose written in this war. Unfortunately these good paragraphs get lost among a lot of insincerities. Life is continually reminding Coward of his own songs, plays and movies. It is amazing that an author who is so fond of himself would make so many errors in taste. Perhaps he can be forgiven for his superficial chatter about the smart set and privileged groups even in times like these; and Americans could overlook his remarks about our "dull" and "uninspiring" Senators who toured North Africa. They may even smile at his pitying an opera house in Oran that carried the billboard: "To-nite! Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour." But neither the British nor Americans can be anything but embarrassed and annoyed at his statement that 90 percent of the American and Dominion troops in London "were behaving as cheerfully and courteously as our own men," and his appalling later slur against "the mournful little Brooklyn boys lying in tears amidst the alien corn with nothing worse than a bullet wound in the leg or a fractured arm." Surely Coward deserves credit for going on this trip and for bringing curative laughter to the fighting men; but he should have saved his diary for his friends, the same ones who came to his concert in Alexandria, "and I knew that I had a friendly little bunch of sophisticates appreciating the more worldly allusions in my repertoire." On second thought I really doubt if this book has much for readers today. It may however greatly interest future historians—especially when England gets rid of its class system.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

No More Than Human. Maura Laverty. Longmans. \$2.50.

WHEN DELIA SCULLY from Ballyderig stepped off the train in Madrid in 1924, she had apparelled herself in the way she hoped would do honor to her first employer, the Señora Basterra. The navy nap school coat, three years old and short in the sleeves, was left wide open to show the blue satin dress Gran had bought Delia for her first dance and on her face was plenty of the white powder and vivid lipstick so kindly donated by the young Jewish bride on the boat. The apparition was not precisely what the Señora had been led to expect from the recommendations of the nuns in Wicklow. Nor was the job of governess to be what Delia's fancy had painted. She lost her job at the Basterras for having smiled on Rafael in a restaurant and was dismissed by the Marquesa de las Rojas for going swimming with an English clerk at Bilbao. English governesses with English families in Spain were able to dress as they liked, to play tennis and dance, but the more noble the Spanish family, the more adamant the code for the Irish "Miss" whose Catholicity made her eligible for taking charge of the noble Spanish children. "Mees, I am dead out wid the heat," would shout some small grandee, the fluency of his brogue matching the antiquity of his lineage. The only freedom for the Irish girls was to cancel a pampered spinsterhood taking the precarious chance of private pupils in Madrid. Delia nearly starved to death but learned a great deal, fell madly in love and met some of the coming revolutionary leaders. Unfortunately the story ends in the autumn of 1928 just when her friend, Negrin, was arrested and a general spirit of social discontent had

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begun. Without political comment, the narrow luxury of the aristocracy, the dreary wretchedness of the poor, the idealism of the radicals set the stage for sympathy.

Miss Laverty has written an amusing account of an international oddity—who had ever dreamed of a little society of Irish spinsters in Spain—with a too pretentious title for a merry tale. Yet the story has undertones which make one wish Delia would return to Madrid in the 1930's.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Fighting Joe Hooker. Walter H. Hebert. Bobbs. \$3.50.

SELF-PITY, one of the most destructive of human tendencies, may be found in any group, even among Army officers. As a matter of fact, one of the most successful practitioners of the art of self-commiseration was that staunch Northern general, Joseph Hooker. Added to this ability was Hooker's marked tendency to be very critical of his commanding officer. Tact simply had not been included in his make-up.

The author has not tried unreasonably to make out a good case for his subject. Hooker's career at West Point and in the Mexican War is adequately treated; so too are the reasons for his leaving the army in 1853. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War, and after political pressure had been used to good effect, Hooker was made a brigadier general, with command of 10,000 troops in Maryland. Then followed an unusual series of events, climaxed by Lincoln's letter of January 26, 1863, to Hooker, and containing such clashing sentences as these: "I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. . . I believe you to be a brave and skilfull soldier, which of course I like . . . But I think that during General Burnside's command of the Army [of the Potomac], you have . . . thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country . . . What I now ask of you is military success. . ."

After an auspicious start in his new rôle, we know that Hooker failed dismally and inexplicably at Chancellorsville in May, 1863, and was removed from command in the following month. Subsequently, in the fighting in the West, he became embittered in his relations with Sherman, and withdrew on July 29, 1864, from the campaign when the latter favored Howard rather than Hooker as commander of the Army of the Tennessee. His subsequent career until his death in October, 1879, is treated briefly but satisfactorily. The mine of source material used in preparing the study gives this interesting volume a very definite value in connection with the military phases of the Civil War.

PAUL KINIERY.

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